



When wolves and tigers howl for prey
 They pitying stand and weep;
 Seeking to drive their thrust away
 And keep them from the sheep.
 But if they rush dreadful:
 The angels most heedful
 Receive each mild spirit
 New worlds to inherit.

And there the lions ruddy eyes
 Shall flow with tears of gold:
 And pitying the tender cries
 And walking round the fold:
 Seeing wrath by his meekness
 And by his health, sickness
 Is driven away
 From our immortal day.

And now beside thee bleating lamb
 I can lie down and sleep;
 Or think on him who bore thy name.
 Grate after thee and weep.
 For washed in lifes river
 Thy bright name for ever
 Shall shine like the gold.
 As I guard o'er the fold.



The Little Boy Lost
 Father, father where are you going
 O do not walk so fast.
 Speak father, speak to your little boy
 Or else I shall be lost.
 The night was dark no father was there
 The child was wet with dew.
 The mire was deep, & the child did weep
 And away the vapour flew.